

SPIRITUAL

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Principles of Nature.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND, On Mesmeric Phenomena.

BY A LADY.

NUMBER FOUR.

My Dear Friend:

Continuing my experiments with J—, we had new and interesting illustrations of phrenological science, together with some most gratifying results of Mesmerism.

When IDEALITY was mesmerized, as I was now prepared for the direction her thoughts would probably take, I refrained from putting any questions until I saw that peculiar expression of intense wonder and admiration, "And looks commencing with the skies." I then asked her what she was looking at?

Answer. Oh, I am listening to that beautiful music! Do you not hear it?

Mesmerizer. No; where does it appear to come from?

Ans. From that light. You must see that light, it is so bright. Now I see figures in that light; it is they who make the music. (After a moment's silence, when she appeared to listen breathlessly,)—Oh, how beautiful! do try to hear it.

Mes. I do not hear it.

Ans. It seems as if you must, it is so distinct.

Mes. Does it sound like music you have heard before?

Ans. No, it is so much sweeter and softer. Oh, how I wish you could hear it! Ah! now it has gone away from me; I can not hear it. (Soon the face brightening again, and the look of delight restored.)—

Mes. How do those figures look that are in the light?

Ans. Beautifully, they seem to be floating there.

Mes. How are they dressed?

Ans. In white robes. No, it seems like a covering of light, but it looks almost white. Oh, dear! something pulls me back; I can no longer see them!

When the face resumed its eager expression, I said, see if you can find any that you know.

Ans. (After a pause)—There is some one who looks like Aunt C—; yes, it is she!

Mes. How does she look?

Ans. As the did, only very happy.

Mes. Does she appear to see you?

Ans. Yes, she seems to look at me. Oh, I fear I ought not to be here.

Mes. Why do you think so?

Ans. I thought she began to look sad.

Mes. I think you need not fear; you would not be able to see her if it was not well to. Does she still look sad?

Ans. No. Now she has gone; I do not see her. (After a moment when the face was even more earnest, it changed)—Oh, there! something pulls me down again. It seems as if it must be an evil spirit.

Mes. Why an evil spirit? Do you see any that look so?

Ans. No; but just as I get there and feel so happy, something drags me away.

When she again appeared "to be there," I said, Do you see any one there that I know?

Ans. I can not tell those that you know; but there is one that seems to be looking at you, that seems to be going to speak to you; yes, that is speaking to you now.

Mes. I am so far away I can not tell what is said there, dear; but you can tell me. Tell me what you hear.

There was the silence of a moment, when the

face expressed the most fixed attention. Just then, much to my annoyance, some one knocked at the door, and I felt obliged to disperse the influence, as there was already a lady present beside ourselves, and J. was unwilling to be mesmerized before a number.

At another time, I mesmerized the organ of TUNE. Soon the lips began to move, and there were slight sounds in the throat. Then the lips would be tightly compressed, and again the mouth thrown open. J. was then reclining upon the sofa. I said, what are you attempting to do? She answered, "Oh, I want to sing, but there seems to be a tight cord drawn across my throat, and the sound won't come." I raised her, so that the horizontal position should cause no impediment, when, without my having requested her to sing, or made any remark directing her thoughts to music, she burst forth in the most spirited manner, singing "The Four-leaved Shamrock." Then quickly followed another song—and another—the face looking full of animation and pleasure, the fingers moving upon my arm as if upon the piano, and the feet beating time at the same moment. I can give you no idea of the expression, the graceful freedom, the spontaneity, of this singing. Her whole soul seemed to be flowing forth in melody. It was as the bird sings, unconsciously pouring forth its carol which, for the time being, is its existence, a part of itself. Song followed song in quick succession. The voice was fuller, richer, than in the usual state. There was too entire unconsciousness for the feeling of restraint or timidity to prevent the full expression. The utter abandon of this singing was charming, and such as we can never hear from the waking state. I would occasionally ask a question at the end of a song. She would just answer it, and proceed on to another. Once I said, You love to sing now, J. "Oh, yes!" she said, "only I can't think of the songs fast enough," (though she scarcely paused between them.) At another time I said, You feel no restraint now, you could sing before any one. (There were several persons present.) "Oh, no," she said, "I am above that now; I should not care if the room were full." On this occasion, the songs she selected were all of rather an animating, lively character. And she actually continued singing while I was dispersing the influence. At another time, when the same organ was acted upon, she sang with much pathos and expression, but all she selected were slow and plaintive airs. She at this time requested to go to the piano, and, seating herself before the instrument, she played and sang with such touching expression, that one could not listen without tears.

From the time I first commenced mesmerizing J., the pain in the ear began gradually to lessen. The intervals succeeding mesmerism, when she was free from pain, increased in length. I used to direct the power more particularly to the part affected, following the directions of Deleuze, to breathe frequently upon that part through a folded linen cloth. By holding the ends of the fingers behind the ear, the cords of that side of the neck and also the ear would become benumbed. But that which produced the most beneficial effect was, following a direction given by herself during mesmeric sleep-waking, which was to place the hand at the back part of the head, so as to bring the ends of the fingers behind one ear, and the end of the thumb behind the other. At one time, when we were both confined at home by colds for a week, I frequently sent, at night, some mesmerized flannel, or cotton wool, which, laid over the ear on retiring for the night, caused cessation of pain and quiet sleep.

In twenty-three mesmerizings, the complaint was entirely cured. J. would remain mesmerized, sometimes an hour, at others for several hours in succession. Life now wears a different aspect to her. Although she had become so inured to pain as to bear it uncomplainingly and with great fortitude, yet she was habitually silent and depressed. Now, she is buoyant and happy, and there seems the light, elastic play of youthful hope and spirit about her. I suppose that one who has never experienced, can not well imagine the wearisome, subduing effect of constant pain, such as the neuralgia; but we can easily imagine the reaction, the bounding elasticity, which the removal of such must produce. I look upon it as Heaven's kindest gift, that I have been permitted the power to effect this.

I have mesmerized several other persons, but have not time for an elaborate description of these cases. In one instance, when I mesmerized in conjunction with another person, one of us seated on either side of the subject, it was curious to see her oscillate between us two, like the pendulum of a clock—until one resigned her to the other, leaving the action to be completed by one alone.

I have had one or two cases, where the subjects were entirely under my control, in a state of profound sleep-waking, and could not speak to, or bear the touch of any person beside myself, and yet heard all that was passing around. And these, too, were cases where there was, apparently, no disease of the organs of hearing.

In one instance, my patient said to me, "I hear my husband's voice in the entry; I am sure I can speak to him; I must, or he will never be willing that I should be mesmerized again." Yet, on his immediately entering and addressing her, though her face was perfectly distorted by her convulsive efforts to speak, no word could she utter, but burst into tears at imagining his chagrin. And even when her little infant was handed forward for her to kiss, nothing could the little candidate for her favor elicit but a shudder, until even he was regularly "put into communication."

Before I close, I wish to relate a most interesting case of Miss —, a young woman totally blind, whom I mesmerized in my own parlor, the first time she was ever there. She has been entirely deprived of sight for many years. The first few minutes after she was subjected to the mesmeric influence, she was extremely convulsed and appeared to suffer so much that, from my desire to soothe and bring her into a calmer state, the possibility of her seeing never occurred to me.

After about five minutes, the convulsions passed off, and were followed by that beautiful serenity of countenance usual in this state; and soon, a bright smile lighting up her face, judge of my emotions of astonishment and awe, when she exclaimed, pointing at some flowers which were at the other side of the room, "What beautiful flowers!" Do you see them? I asked. "Yes," she rejoined, "how beautiful!" I think, said I, that the picture which hangs above them is beautiful. (I used the word picture without intending to mislead her, though it unquestionably would, had she not really seen.) She immediately said, "The portrait? yes, it is a beautiful face!" Never can I forget the thrilling sensations which almost overwhelmed me, on thus restoring sight to the blind.

She next observed a very large vase which stood in the farther corner of the room, and said, extending her hand towards it, "Why, I never saw so large a vase!"

One of the ladies (there were three present beside my patient and myself) then brought the bust of —, a young girl whom Miss —

had occasionally seen during her sleep-waking, and placed it near the vase. No remark was made, no word was spoken of it. For I had immediately put my finger to my lip, to intimate that perfect silence was to be preserved.

Nearly a minute elapsed, and I began to think she would not observe it. Presently, an expression of such surprise and delight came over her face, that I said, What do you see that pleases you? "Oh, you know? It is —!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together with uncontrollable emotion. "Let me kiss it!" I handed it to her. Then, indeed, it was evident that she could perceive very distinctly; otherwise, she might have kissed the eye, the chin, or any other spot; but she raised it instantly to her lips, and pressed the small mouth to her own, as one only could do who beheld it. Afterward, she pointed to where Miss — sat, a lady who had often visited and read to her, asking, "Who is that?" It is your friend, Miss —, I said; do you see her? "Yes," said she, "I see all three of the ladies, and I want to speak to them all." As they came forward, and were successively put into communication with her, she held each, for an instant, at a short distance, evidently surveying them, with great satisfaction and pleasure.

But at length came the time to awaken her. And scarcely could I command sufficient resolution to effect it, when, on making a few reverse passes, and she felt her sight gradually diminishing, she exclaimed, in tones which were heart-rending, "Oh! I would not prevent you from seeing! I would not prevent you from seeing!"—and burst into tears.

When she was fully awakened, her face resumed its usual expression, and we saw that she was unconscious of all that had taken place. When we related it to her, she was deeply disappointed that I did not will her to remember it all on awaking; "For, then," said she, "I should remember how you all look!" And she could not possibly refrain from repeatedly bewailing my want of consideration.

It appears to me, that this case would have convinced the most inveterate skeptic, or derider, of the power of clairvoyance. For it could not in this case be averred, (as it has been in other instances,) that she saw with the usual organs of vision, the power of which had been so increased as to render the closed lids a mere transparent covering; since she has no eyes, they having actually run out. She could not have known any thing of the furniture of my room; but even supposing she did, she could not have known how each article was situated, or have been prepared for the introduction of an article which did not belong there. And, indeed, as there had not been the slightest intention of my mesmerizing her before she came, and my resolve to do it being purely incidental, arising out of circumstances of the moment, there could be no reason for preparation. In fact, there was evidence throughout, which no candid mind would attempt to gainsay.

If the soul, without the instruments it ordinarily uses for that purpose, can see one inch, why should we limit its power of perception to any mere distance? I must confess, that now I am positively and beyond the shadow of a doubt convinced, that a person who has no eyes can, in the mesmeric state, see, perceive, or apprehend objects—(language has no term which exactly defines the thought.) I must of necessity accede to the proposition, that they can apprehend what is going on in London, from Boston or Rome; or, in the planets, from earth. In fine, that they possess power of discernment far beyond the scope of our duller physical senses.

Yours, &c.

Lazy Men.

Genius unexercised, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and the book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that large class of grumblers and wishers who spend the time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should have been employed in advancing themselves! These bitterly moralize on the injustice of Society. Do they want a change? Let them change—who prevents them? If you are as high as your faculties permit you to rise in the scale of society, why should you complain of men? It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead him or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it—what hinders you? How many men would love to sleep beggars and wake up Rothschilds or Astors? How many men would fain go to bed dunce, to be waked up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. They who sow dunce seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere 'capacity undeveloped,' is only an organized day-dream with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire, are no better than wet junk wood. We have scripture for it, that a 'living dog is better than a dead lion.' If you would go up, go—if you would be seen, shine. At the present day, an eminent position in any profession, is the result of hard, unwearying labor. Men can no longer fly at one dash into an eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers.—Emerson.

Longevity of Quakers.

Quakerism is favorable to longevity, it seems. According to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty-one years, two months and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the same returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us.

The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the week's business, (on Wednesday morning,) retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensity, but preserve a composed demeanor always. Is it surprising that their days should be long in the land?

The Still Small Voice.

It is not amid the scenes of wild excitement, that God is pleased to speak to his children. The Prophet stood upon the trembling Mount until the tempest, the earthquake and the fire had passed. He only heard the noise and din of the elements. But when all was still, he received the Divine communication. It is when the storm of passion has spent its fury—when the powers from beneath no longer move the soul by an impulse that threatens its destruction. When the destroying flame that has filled the mind with terror and dismay is extinguished, and the elements are all hushed to rest—then, the serene and tranquil spirit holds communion with God, and there comes a "still small voice" in answer to its silent prayer.—Britton.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

MEDIUMS AND MORALS.

The seeming unfitness of some of the persons employed by the spirits, as the media of their intercourse with the world, has already been referred to as the occasion of some embarrassment. The objection in the mind of our correspondent, "A. W. F.," rests on the presumption that intellectual acquirements and especially correct habits of life are the essential if not indeed the only requisites to an intercourse with the Spirit-world. But this view of the subject is manifestly erroneous, since a state of mental passivity and physical repose seem to be even more indispensable than either intelligence or virtue. Persons of great mental powers and attainments are perhaps less likely to become susceptible to spiritual influences, for the reason that constant activity and independent thought render the mind less subject to the control of foreign masters. When the mind is most vigorously exercised it is, of course, least inclined to yield to any power foreign to itself; as the nerves of motion will not readily obey an external agent when they are acted upon by the individual will, and made to vibrate to their utmost tension. When, therefore, a person of great mental power becomes a medium, the occult presence is usually made manifest by an abnormal quickening of all the internal faculties, rather than by any merely physical subjugation. Communications are then made by a process of infusion, agreeably so psychological laws—in other words, the subject is inspired.

The strong repel foreign influences of every name and kind. Passive or negative nature yield, while the positive man opposes an effectual resistance. The fact is not otherwise when the actuating power is supra-mortal. Whether the influence be pure and Godlike, or earthly and sensual, the observation is equally true. And this may suggest the reason why the weak are sometimes chosen to confound the wise; not because angelic natures have a special affinity for weakness and ignorance, but rather for the reason that men deeply versed in the wisdom of the schools, and confident in their own strength, are but little disposed to submit to the direction of other and more spiritual guides. Hence the humble have at times been blessed with that wisdom which has been denied to the proud. The world is indebted to men of obscure origin for its noblest discoveries; the first ministers of Christianity were ignorant fishermen, and we read that through the medium of "babes and sucklings" was the noblest praise. Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before the chief priests and elders of the people. (Matt. xxi. 31.) Not, indeed, because enlightened, immortal and God-like natures prefer to hold communion with ignorance, darkness and crime, but because these have been yielding and therefore impressible, while the learned and great have trusted in their own strength and gloried in the wisdom of the world. Here, then, is the first thing requisite. We must sustain a passive or negative relation to the intelligences who seek to impress us; and without a due regard to this most essential condition, the highest intellectuality and the severest moral discipline will not avail.

Nothing can be more irrational than to judge of the capacity and tastes of the spirits, by the minds and morals of the media. Very often, indeed, is a man of vast attainments forced to employ unsuitable means in the accomplishment of his designs. The imperfect results of human action as often depend on imperfect conditions and instrumentalities as on a want of skill in the actor. We are warranted in presuming that intelligence would use the best means at its command, and this, if we may trust to our observation, the invisibles are wont to do. To expect them to use, in all cases, persons of transcendent mental and moral powers, even where no such persons are found susceptible to their influence, is simply absurd. Purity, in the sense in which the word is employed by ethical writers, may be essential to the strict reliability of the medium, but this is only one of a number of conditions equally necessary. It is not enough that the character is unclouded and the outward life harmonious. Other attributes and conditions are not less imperiously demanded. No sensible man would insist on riding in a glass chariot merely because glass is transparent and beautiful. In seeking materials for such a purpose, other qualities than mere transparency would govern the selection. Gold is precious, but the telegraph wires are made of baser metals; nor do we stop to ascertain whether the wires are rusty, before we

receive the intelligence of which they constitute the medium. When we employ a courier, to be the bearer of important dispatches, we are accustomed to regard his *fitness* rather than his high-toned morality; and it must be a most fastidious piety that stops to inquire into the morals of the post-boy before it will read a message from a long absent friend. Since the medium is but the physical instrument through which some invisible intelligence utters its thought, it is vain to attempt to determine the powers and preferences of that intelligence by the instruments at its command. As well may we examine the pen employed in writing Paradise Lost, to estimate the genius and capabilities of John Milton.

If there are spirits who have no very comprehensive views or elevated purposes, it is but natural for them to select mediums of a corresponding development, and of accordant inclinations. Indeed, from all we know of the nature and character of those who served in a similar capacity in ancient times, we are justified in presuming that spirits of a higher order are not too fastidious to employ such means and instruments as come within their reach. These may not always harmonize with their preferences, or be eminently suited to the necessities of the occasion. It must suffice, however, to vindicate the propriety of the spirits, if the mediums selected are usually the best that the occasion affords. That some of them are of doubtful authority and questionable morals, we deem it no heresy to believe. But it was always so. The old vehicles of angelic thought were not all pure and of good report—they did not observe the highest principles of justice, virtue, and humanity. It may be instructive to notice the following examples:

Moses was not endowed with the keenest possible sense of justice. He made no distinction between homicide and picking up sticks on the Sabbath; he taught men always to repeat the injuries they received, and himself butchered men and women as he alleged on the Divine account. Yet Moses was the honored medium of the Law, and, in many respects—he is still deemed of all others the most reliable.

Jonah was a medium, notwithstanding he possessed a very irritable disposition. He was selected to give a communication to the citizens of Nineveh; but Jonah seems to have been a miserable medium; he "resisted the influence," and when his prophecy proved false, he lost the command of his temper and behaved in a very unbecoming manner.

David was a remarkable medium for impressions, and the sweet songs of Zion—the devout exercises of his inspired moments—did not perish with the Temple-worship, but still live, and form an interesting part of the religious services of the Christian sanctuary. But notwithstanding David was peculiarly gifted as the medium of this Divine intercourse, his morals seem to have been extremely vulnerable at certain points, which we omit to mention because they are so well known.

Balaam was a mere magician, if we accept his history as recorded in the book of Numbers, yet we read that he was on one occasion chosen "to communicate." But Balaam was particularly unreliable as a medium, and when he was found not to be impressible, the *beast* on which he journeyed, though proverbially stupid, "received impressions," and was temporarily developed as a speaking medium. This case is most extraordinary, though it affords no sufficient reason why every stupid fellow should fancy himself one of the "regular succession" from Balaam's, and therefore claim to be inspired!

Seriously, would it not be well for those who object to the reality of the modern manifestations, on account of the ignorance and imperfection of certain media, to regard these examples? Moreover, there is a significant scripture about "straining at a gnat," which is aptly illustrated by the popular opposition to Spiritualism.

But we have done. "A. W. F." will perceive that we have not written for him alone, but for a large class, not forgetting those who persist in illustrating their ignorance of the whole subject by their mode of resisting its progress. We trust that no intelligent reader will misapprehend either the spirit or intention of what we have written. We are persuaded that there is a solemn and beautiful reality in Spiritual Manifestations, ancient and modern. A superficial observation of the phenomena under consideration may lead others to conclude that we are the victims of unreasoning credulity. But we are not deeply affected by that judgment; nor are we credulous enough to accept any hypothesis which Materialism has yet furnished us. We find it much easier to receive the manifestations for what they purport to be; and in this light, we have little doubt, they will soon be regarded by all whose convictions are founded in reason, and the religious element of the soul.

God bows to regard the humblest of his creatures, and the omnipotent Life and Image are seen, however obscurely, in every MAN.

Clairvoyance vs. Spiritual Communication.

MR. EDITOR—When clairvoyance, together with the more inferior manifestations of Magnetism, first made their appearance, they were regarded by many as among the most interesting and profound developments ever brought to light throughout the wide and diversified fields of scientific research. To see, through walls and partitions, remote objects, when the organs of external vision were closed; to be enabled to pierce the veil of flesh, analyze disease, and determine a correct therapeutics; to trace the wanderer, from whom no tidings for months and years had reached the ears of anxious and expectant friends; to fathom the measureless profound in space, and add to the attestations of Astronomy, respecting the magnitude and distance of suns and planetary bodies; to survey, through the vista of the past, scenes and events, as though present at their transpiration; to be cognizant of the innermost thoughts and impulses of the incarnate spirit; were achievements which well nigh seemed to ally mortality with the exalted sphere and capabilities of angelic existence.

But hark! it is breathed that this new-born power renders its possessor a discernor, too, of SPIRITS; and behold! Sectarianism starts at the sound, as an encamped host when the midnight cry of the vigilant sentinel is shouted—"the fee, the fee cometh!" All that was marvellous and unheard-of in the exhibitions of the new wonder, now, are but dreamy hallucinations of a distorted imagination and crazed brain. If the mystic eye of the sleeper looks afar and describes with accuracy the events of the moment, which no one present are cognizant of, it is only a "fortunate coincidence" of truthful guessing; if he prescribes for the sick and cures disease, he only "takes from the mind of the patient" a diagnosis, and the remedy, (if it proves successful,) from the brain of some M. D. who is in the neighborhood; in short, the whole thing is summed up and found to be either an ingenious device of Satan, or, at best, an unmitigated humbug; the "laboring mountain," from whose travails an elephant was at first looked for as the issue, has ended its labors in the abortion of "bringing forth a mouse." And now the strife is over; Clairvoyance is no more; its few professed disciples, St. Peter-like, follow it "at a distance," to its last and final resting place, and its relentless foe, in the gladness of its triumph, feels—

"Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove."

And now, "there was silence" among its foes "for about the space" of six or eight years. But, list again! What sound is that which is heard? "COMMUNICATIONS WITH SPIRITS, IN WESTERN NEW YORK!" is sounded out upon the ear; and like the hurried steps of seamen when the wrathful storm is impending, again the ranks of popular religionists are in commotion. Solemn admonitions are enjoined, not to be led astray by "new things," not to be "wise above what is written;" the evidence of the senses must be distrusted, and reason treated as a "simpleton;" Immortality may be believed in by faith, but any demonstration of it less than two or three thousand years of age, must be rejected as false and delusive; that which removes the sting of death must not be meddled with—the light which illuminated the darkness of the tomb must be hid under a bushel. Still, the tidings that spirits from the invisible world are speaking to mortals, flies on the wings of the wind; mediums multiply, and thousands become converts to the new and fast triumphing faith. What is to be done? The standard remedy of "humbug, delusion," and "brimstone," all fail now to fulfil their wonted uses, and the multitude, like the birds in the fable who stood in awe for a while of the statue-eagle, now begin to approach, not to a marble form devoid of life, but to an actual, tangible reality of a spiritual existence, the evidence of which is based upon a foundation which no intruding fear, nor lurking distrust can ever more shake or molest.

But the warfare deepens, and the opposers of the cause cast about to see what means of defense can be rendered available against the innovations of this last and most dire foe to the cherished creeds and dogmas of oriental theology. At last some one whispers, "we must make friends with that child of unrighteousness, *Clairvoyance*, for nothing else will possibly account for the intelligence that is given in this system of 'toe-joint' and 'knee-ologism';" and straightway Joseph is sent for to be brought forth from prison to interpret the mystery and save Pharaoh and his people. Now then, Clairvoyance is arrayed in purple and fine linen, a gold chain is put about its neck, it rides in the king's chariot, and is second to but Pharaoh himself in power and authority. It no longer has to seek vouchers for its reliability; and if like *Æsop's* Satyr, it now and then "blows hot and blows cold" at the same time; (telling part true and part wrong;) it is only a trifling "exception" to the general rule of what it is, in the main, competent to do, and does not in the least impair its claims to credence as a *bona fide* science. Its former friends are no longer

needed to speak a good word for it, but like the comic representation of the herd of horses after their labors were superseded by the invention of railroads, they may retire from their duties in defending it and hold a dance over it. Now if Clairvoyance, after its former humiliation and present exaltation, could become endowed after the manner of an ancient beast of burden, to "speak," what might we rationally suppose it would say to those who once essayed to kill it, but now have reanimated it for the purpose of solving the intelligent part of spiritualism?—We throw it would be about after this wise: Be careful, ye opposers of the "rappings!" something else may in future come up that will not tally with your faith, and you may then find it will be a *loop hole for you to slip out of*, by saying, "This is not what you pretend it is; it can all be explained by *Spiritual communications*."

FIDES.

Letter from Bro. Mandell.

Some of the "Manifestations," published in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, have reminded me of a circumstance which happened in Ware, Mass., about a year ago.

A young Miss, connected with one of the most worthy families in that place, in a frolic with some of her girl-companions, took a notion to try for the "rappings." They arranged themselves around the stand, making a kind of mock solemnity of the occasion, as they were strongly inclined to ridicule the matter altogether. To their utter astonishment, the rappings almost immediately commenced, and when the first sounds came, more startled than if a thunder-clap had broken about their ears, the whole bevy broke up in confusion, running down stairs, pell-mell, then through the house, and, finally, up stairs again, I believe, before their fright subsided. The young lady in question proves to be a very good medium; but, like some others who value popular opinion more than living, spiritual realities, does not like to be known as such.

I heard, yesterday, from a lady with whom she had but a few days before conversed, that an incident had lately occurred in the presence of Rev. LEMUEL WILLIS, of Orange, Mass., at his boarding house. His daughter was playing on the piano, when a center table began moving toward her, so strongly, that Mr. W. put his hand against the edge of it, to prevent its marring the instrument. The lady rose from the piano, agitated; and the table was removed back to its place. Recovering somewhat from her fright, the young lady seated herself again at the piano, when the table again commenced moving toward her. Mr. Willis is a very candid man, and considerably interested in the investigation of this matter. Wonders will multiply till skepticism takes flight.

D. J. MANDELL.

Athol, Mass., June 5, 1852.

Spiritual Vision.

We have given a new title to the following article from the *Sunday Dispatch*. Such things are of daily occurrence, and secular papers publish them approvingly, so long as they are labeled *Pathological Phenomena*.—Ed.

SINGULAR PATHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.—A case presenting features of a most strangely interesting character, says the N. O. *Delta* of the 22d ult., now forms a subject of intense speculation among those of our city who are skilled in calculating the mysteries of psychological and pathological phenomena. It appears that a female about eighteen years of age, who occupies the position of house servant in a respectable family on — street, (by request we omit the name of the street and number,) while engaged in the performance of her duties about two weeks ago, was, on a sudden, attacked with a violent headache. She was immediately put into bed, when her eyes became strangely glassy and rolling, and were wholly incapable of performing their normal functions. Bright objects and lights were passing before her eyes, but the optic nerves appeared to have lost their cunning, no indication of an impression on the retina being perceptible. After a while the mind of the patient became dreamy and wandering, and she spoke as if in converse with her ordinary associates. Eventually her eyes closed, and with their close the "mind's creative eye" awakened to the possession of more than its accustomed powers. The dreaminess was gone, and though the eyelids remained closed, the sense of sight returned with a keenness wholly incompatible with all our commonly received notions of the laws of vision. Not only could she see every thing in the room, and sew the finest cambric, with her eyes closed, but with a clairvoyance unparalleled, she could extend her vision through some super-etherial medium into the great Beyond, and correctly describe facts and events transpiring squares and even miles away. After remaining in this condition for several hours, the young woman returned by an easy transition, into her normal state; but almost every day since, she has passed, as on the first occasion, into the clairvoyant condition, during the continuance of which she has been a psychological and pathological marvel to all observers. In this case we would give names and particulars, but the extreme desire of the young woman and her friends that she should not become an object of public curiosity.

MARRIED.

At Williamsburg, L. I., on the 15th instant, Mr. JOSIAH PARTRIDGE and Miss JULIET MACMORE, both of this city.

The series of Letters on Mesmeric Phenomena, by a Lady, are concluded in this number.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE, FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

Friday Evening, June 4, 1852.

Present: Charles Partridge, F. F. Cary, J. N. Stebbins, Dr. Reh, H. Hebbard, Mrs. P. L. Demerest, W. H. Sager and lady, Thomas Kipp Tompkins, Wm. Fishbough, Melancton B. Ackerman, H. C. Billings, Gilbert Sweet, Wm. Wood, J. B. King, Ira B. Davis, C. B. Mitchell, D. Rogers, J. T. White, Dr. R. T. Hallock, J. T. S. Smith, D. D. Hume, Jno. J. Haley, and ten others.

Mr. Partridge presented a spiritual communication, illustrated by a diagram, received through Edward P. Fowler, on the night of May 22d, 1852. [See opposite page.]

Mr. Partridge said the diagram seemed to indicate some general degrees or spheres in human progress; and that the ideal and actual in man is determined by the elements which contribute to, and make up his sphere. Hence the highest ideal of truth and virtue in a low sphere may be the error and wrong of a higher sphere; so the highest ideal of truth and virtue in a high sphere, may fail to be appreciated by those in a low sphere; consequently great diversity in the ideal and actual life obtains.

In order to see and be alike, and to be equally responsible, we must occupy the same sphere in every particular, which thing never can occur, since the laws of attraction would force a union, in which separate individualities would be lost. Hence the presumption of judging another. Whenever we sound the key note of one's sphere, its vibratory action responds in ideal harmony, in religion, politics, and in every thought and action.

Mr. Fishbough thinks the doctrine of the diagram will not always be true, if it is so now. Though error may be the result of childhood, it will not necessarily be so. A child properly developed and under circumstances yet to be realized in the world's history, is all truth. Like the nebulous specks in the heavens, which the astronomer beholds through one glass; through another of greater power, he sees resolving themselves into worlds. He takes another, and sees those worlds peopled with intelligent beings. An instrument of still higher power discloses still more minute objects, &c. Yet all the minutia were comprehended in the specks first seen. The child is that astronomer; he sees but little at first, though what he does see is truth; but his vision expands. So, in the better day coming, the child will see nothing but truth. He thinks, if it meant to teach the progress of the race, as well as of the individual, it was wrong; for the earlier ages were preeminently the spiritual, as evinced by all authentic history, and the latter, dating from the Baconian era, as emphatically materialistic.

Dr. Hallock is of the opinion that the doctrine in question is an affirmation of a natural law. The first idea of childhood is physical, as its first want is physical. Man is an epitome of the universe; therefore what pertains to the life and progress of an individual, is common to the race; and progress is a universal law. Infancy, manhood, and maturity, are well defined periods in the natural development of all things. It is as true of a plant as of a child; of the globe as of a man. The paper is a reaffirmation of the doctrine of the Apostle, who had observed the same law. He says, "First the blade, then the stalk, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Then again, "Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." "When I was a child," says the same authority, "I thought as a child and spake as a child. When I became a man, I put away childish things."

Mr. Fishbough related an interesting fact which occurred recently, at Yonkers, near this city. He had been called there to deliver a discourse on the death of the wife of a friend, and the fact was related to him by the husband. Both were spiritualists; and it had been agreed, that if it were possible, the wife would manifest herself to her husband as soon, and in any way that she could, after leaving the body. About twelve hours after her death, and at nine o'clock in the evening, on entering the room, a loud breathing was heard, which seemed to proceed from a chair, that had been occupied by her, previous to her death. The sound was like that made by his wife in breathing during her last illness. It was heard by his wife's sister, and a servant girl, before he came into the room, and distinctly by all of them for more than half an hour afterward. Mr. Fishbough thought the fact interesting, as being the fulfilment after death, of a promise made during this life.

Many statements were made of individual experience, and many facts in spiritual intercourse were stated. Mr. Partridge said it was sometimes asked, What good can the spirits do us? In answer to which he related several cases in which suffering had been relieved and physical diseases cured through spiritual instrumentality. Mr. D. D. Hume, a medium, being present, affirmative raps, loud enough to be heard in both the rooms where the conference was seated, were often heard during the narration; and during the whole evening, raps in affirmation of, or dissent to remarks made by different individuals who took part in the discussion, were frequent and loud.

Mr. Cary said, as corroborative of what had been remarked by Mr. Partridge on the subject of spiritual influence and interest with the sick and suffering, that in a private circle, held on the 3d inst., the following communication was received through the alphabet, purporting to be from Hahne-man: "I would most cheerfully recommend the prohibition of much which even my followers now make use of." To the question, What new directions would you give? the following reply was made, "New life, new medicines and new rules must be observed; and you can begin to see the invalid's recovery from their dire diseases. *The hope distilled from the physician*—the magnetic influence and exercise upon the invalid, will work a cure when all else will fail."

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

THE SHEKINAH

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SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

A HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

In the vast Temple of the Night
I stand and muse with calm delight;
Its dome with silver flame is bright,
And drops of odor, dewy light,
Fall from the urn-like Moon,
The mountains that bear up the skies,
Like shafts of sculptured emerald rise;
From the far North in radiant guise,
Flame the ethereal Mysteries,
Robed in their crimson bloom.

The leaves, the winds, the waters flow
In blended cadence sweet and slow,
Now in great waves of song they go,
Then fall as dew-drops, faint and low,
Drip from the myrtle bough.
My Spirit wakes in this great hour,
All holy things sweet influence shower,
The inward Sight, and Sense, and Power,
Unfoldeth like an opening flower—
I rise transfigured now.

Above me bends a vaster sky,
The storms, their wide wings beating, fly;
Dim shadows o'er the horizon lie;
And the eternal stars on high
Shine through the Night of Time.
All worn and scarred the toilers sleep;
Sad eyes in slumber weep and weep;
Strong Soul's their faithful vigil keep
Through the world's Midnight dark and deep,
With Hope and Love sublime.

The outward night that round me lies
Must perish. Lo! the Darkness dies;
Sweet voices in the brightening skies,
Sweet odors from the earth arise
Where flowers their bloom display.
The Sun-burst with its golden wings
Has woke earth's blessed, beauteous things,
In silver robes the fountain springs,
All heaven with echoing music rings,
To welcome in the Day!

Thus, waiting hearts, Time's storm-filled Night,
Where Hate and Love, like gloom and light,
Have wrestled long in desperate fight,
Shall end. Rejoice! The True and Right
To victory onward go.
No more dark Fears the Soul shall rend,
All hearts in Love's best concord blend,
Bright Seraphs to the earth descend,
Man dwell with God as friend with friend,
And Heaven fill all below.

Spiritual Facts—Number Two.

MR. EDITOR:

A few weeks ago, Mrs. John Parker, of Meriden, Conn., with her son Henry, called at my house, and were introduced to D. D. Hume, who was stopping with us at that time, and to whom they were entire strangers. Mrs. P. felt but very little interest in the alleged spiritual phenomena, but her very amiable temper did not appear to be in the least disturbed when she was informed that Mr. H. was a spiritual medium. While at dinner, the same day, the table was repeatedly moved without hands, and numerous rappings occurred in answer to our questions, signifying, moreover, that they were made by the spirit-relatives of Mrs. P., whose interest was thus sufficiently awakened to induce her to sit in the circle.

In the evening, after the most astonishing physical demonstrations had been given, the medium fell into a spiritual condition, or trance, when the spirits informed us that Henry Parker's own mother, two of his sisters, and a young brother, were all with us! which was very surprising, inasmuch as it had not occurred to us that Henry was an adopted son—of which fact the medium could have had no knowledge. These spirits told correctly their names, their ages, the diseases—one of which was perhaps the most remarkable on record—which caused them to leave the body, and then proceeded to pour forth through the medium some of the most sublime and elevating sentiments ever uttered to mortals.

First came an address from one of the sisters—while on earth she was a highly cultivated young lady—to her brother Henry, who, as we learned from this communication, was then on his way to commence his academical course of study—another fact, of which the medium knew nothing. The subject of the communication was, the choice of his companions at school. Then followed an address from Henry's spirit-mother to his adopted mother, in which the excellent moral training, the deep anxiety for Henry's spiritual welfare exhibited by the parents who had adopted him, and the principal events of his life for fifteen years, were correctly and graphically described. And, oh! such expressions of gratitude, I never listened to before!

This angel-mother passed into the Spirit-world soon after the birth of this son. At the close of her communication she remarked, in reference to his history, which she had just rehearsed, "I have seen it all." She expressed her thanks to her son's benefactors with such soothing pathos, such melting words of sweetness and power, as to affect every one present to tears. And even the remembrance of that hour again unmans me, and tears of joy gush from my eyes while I write. After Mrs. P. retired, sounds were made in her bed-room, but

she was not clearly satisfied as to their cause. The night following, she became sensible of the touch of invisible hands upon her person.

The parties referred to will not hesitate to confirm the foregoing statement. And still more wonderful demonstrations have been witnessed by Mr. Parker, to which, I doubt not, he is ready to testify.

Mr. Parker is well known as one of the most extensive manufacturers and business men in his section of country; and more reliable persons can not be found any where, than himself and his excellent lady.

O ye skeptics! please explain the above facts to the satisfaction of yourselves, on any one of your various anti-spiritual theories, or admit that there may be more things in heaven and earth than your sleepy conservatism ever dreamed of.

RUFUS ELMER.

Springfield, Mass., June 7, 1852.

Spiritualism in Cleveland.

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

It is now a year since Mrs. Fish visited Cleveland, and gave an impetus to the investigation, which had been going on with a few for some months previously. Since then the investigation has been steady, and the progress all we could anticipate.

The trial of Abby Warner for Spirit-rapping, in the Episcopal church, on Christmas Eve, at Massillon, Ohio, followed by our spiritual convention in March last, together with the reports published in the papers of these, all tended to arouse the slumbering mind and give an impetus to Spiritualism. From these and other causes, its spread has surpassed all anticipation. From all parts of the State, we hear of spiritual manifestations. The investigation is going on—light is shining in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not—yet nothing can dispel this mental darkness but spiritual light, and that will only be admitted ray by ray. But the power at work—though invisible—is mighty, and omnipotent, when compared to the will and power of man. Those only can realize the result, who, by experience, know the strength of the spirits' power, will and resolution. Those only, who know that spirit-promises are prophecies to be fulfilled, can appreciate it.

Here a few have labored steadily, perseveringly; and thus the ball has been kept in motion. The mental atmosphere has perceptibly changed. Cleveland has its fifty to one hundred mediums, in different stages of development, among all classes in society. Circles are meeting every evening in the week, and on Sunday. THE CLEVELAND GRAND HARMONIAL CIRCLE meets for the development of mediums. None are admitted to this but mediums and believers. No one is admitted without the consent of the circle and the sanction of the spirits. We number between one and two hundred in this circle, and are increasing weekly. The whole congregation sit as near in a circle as possible, and, Quaker-fashion, we wait for the spirits, who direct and control the exercises.—We have music to harmonize the elements. No questions are put except such as relate to the circle. Some of the mediums vibrate, some write, and some speak, as moved or controlled by the spirits. Through one medium, a Mr. Finny, the spirits have been able to speak any language—Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Chinese, or Indian, with all the fluency of his mother tongue. Yet he has no knowledge of any of these languages. The spirits also control him and write any of these languages. Others are doing, less perfectly, the same.

The object of shutting out the public, is to secure harmony, and thus develop mediums, who, in time, the spirits will be able to control and speak through before any audience. The great object and effort here, at present, seems to be, not so much to influence those who have not yet been acted upon, as to perfect those who are under partial control already. They want some through whom they with "one can meet a thousand, and put ten thousand to flight." Such are in progress of development. Little do the superstitious and idolatrous dream what preparation is making for the demolition of their disjointed fabrics.

I have not attempted to particularize. We have much material, many interesting facts and startling phenomena, which have transpired in our city, harmonizing with those from other parts of the country, some of which may be given hereafter.

Yours, &c.,

A. UNDERHILL.

Cleveland, May 31, 1852.

In truth, I feel myself a poet less when a happy choice of rhymes, of syllables, of figures, may dazzle my auditors than when my spirit soars most disdainful of all that is selfish and base; when noble actions appear most easy to me, 'tis then my verse is best. I am, indeed, a poet while I admire, or hate, not by my own personal feelings, but for the sake of human dignity, and the glory of the world. This it is that constitutes the poet's triumph.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS;

BY DIFFERENT MEDIA.

[Selected for the Telegraph, by D. J. MANDELL.]

In this article, I present the readers of the TELEGRAPH a few messages, which appear to indicate or embody the type of an exalted and ennobling spirituality, such as is now rapidly developing itself through a higher class of media, who are multiplying in all quarters. For these messages, I am indebted to Mrs. EMILY B. NEWELL, of Worcester, Mass., a member of one of the circles of that city, and who is worthy of great credit for faithfully and accurately preserving communications of so high an order.

The following is a lecture, or *castigation spirituelle*, which was inflicted on Mrs. N., herself, somewhat unexpectedly; the circumstances being as follows: Mrs. N., having a friend not interested in spiritual matters, dropped the subject, when the friend began to sneer and scoff, and entered into conversation with her on light and trivial matters. Subsequently, and before the medium knew anything about the matter, and before Mrs. N. thought it of any importance, the spirit of a deceased sister expressed herself quite feelingly on the subject, the medium being Mrs. RHODA BASSETT, of Worcester, a lady, from all accounts, well adapted to become a medium of the first class; clairvoyant, and enunciating clearly and rapidly the impressions conveyed to her mind from the resurrection world.

"To you we will say, you are too condescending in matters pertaining to worldly things. We wish you, if you would progress in spiritual things, to keep yourself from persons who are not associated with spirits in heavenly wisdom. Do not seek their company through fear of their derision, but if need be, forsake your former friends and select new ones. You must not stoop to those in a manner to injure your own good, and likewise those whom you have progressed from, but rather let them come to you by way of progression. You must not go back to your former follies because those you love will not relinquish their hold; but keep climbing, and they will ere long discover their mistaken notions and come after. Do not try to please those, with worldly conversation, who scorn to be pleased with heavenly wisdom. We wish you to select such, and such only, as will be of benefit to your spiritual good. We see your feelings and can sympathize with you; but we can not benefit you as we wish, unless you do as we direct. We do not wish you to treat your former friends disdainfully, but respectfully; but if they will not, or for lack of heavenly wisdom, can not, discover the truth, we do not wish you to leave the heavenly theme and come down to their worldliness, as every step you take toward worldliness detracts so much from your spirituality. Treat all well, but do not feel that you have misused those who, through their worldliness, feel themselves abused, inasmuch as your counsel is not congenial with their views of worldly wisdom. This we say for your present and eternal good."

The following communication was also furnished through Mrs. BASSETT. It is addressed to Mrs. FANNY H. WALKER, of Athol, Mass., a lady who has long been suffering under physical debility and disease, and at the time expecting, and expects shortly, to pass away from the earth. She is still living, but growing feebler and more feeble every day; and the message is indeed as the balm of Gilead to the struggling soul.

"Fair daughter of earth; to you we will say, be patient! Thy earthly pilgrimage is nearly ended. Soon, thou shalt come to dwell with us in heaven's bright plane; soon thy pure spirit shall be transported to heaven's pure soil, where it shall thrive more abundantly. No noxious weeds shall there choke its progress. No dark storms shall becloud thy vision, but angelic purity shall water thy thirsty spirit, whose growth shall soon outstrip many who have come before. Give thyself no uneasiness concerning thy little ones. God gave—he will provide. Their guardian mother shall still be round about them, quietly and profitably, though unseen by mortal eyes. We say unto you, believe! When thy mortal eyes grow dim, think of spirits; then with spiritual eyes thou shalt behold our angelic forms. We will stand at the pearly gate with willing hearts and ready hands, to conduct you safe to our celestial home. Fear not to die the death that mortals call such, for this it is that shall usher you into life eternal. There is no death. What seems so, is but the bursting of the earthly casket, to let the spirit go free.

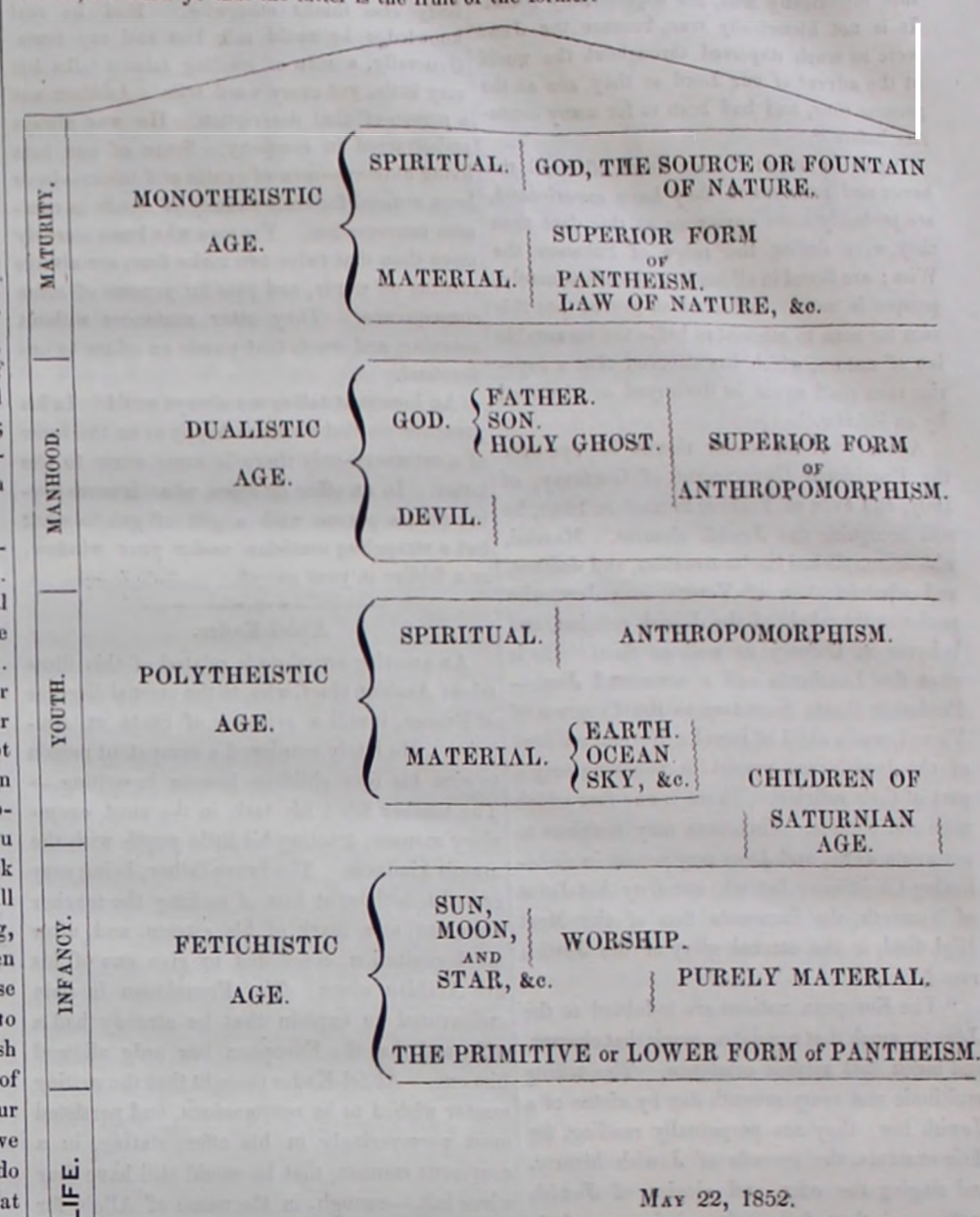
"Thy children shall receive the benefit of these glorious truths, (should they linger long on earth,) of which thou wilt have but a faint conception. Feel not that thou art soon to die, but rather rejoice that thou art so soon to live. Be happy—be cheerful. May the last sounds of your voice, which shall be heard through the house ye live in, echo—victory! victory!

Every moment of a man's life begins a new era, and he knows not which may be forgotten, or which may be the pivot whereon will turn his whole future destiny.

THE FOUR PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

On the night of May 22, 1852, Mr. E. P. FOWLER was aroused from his slumbers by the Spirits, and requested to write what they should dictate. He got out of bed for the purpose of obeying the mandate of his mysterious visitors, and on the table found the accompanying diagram. After examining it for a moment, he was about to lay it aside and procure some blank paper, with a view of writing what they had to say, when the Spirits commanded him to write on the top of the sheet containing the diagram. He obeyed, and the following was dictated:

There are many rounds in the Ladder of Progression, and if ye have passed any, tear them not up, or you leave a gap beyond which those below can not pass; but rather assist to accelerate the ascent of those beneath. Infancy must pass youth before it arrives at manhood. This is no less true in spiritual than physical life. Despise not past good because of present better, for know ye that the latter is the fruit of the former.



MAY 22, 1852.

Spirits at Dayton.

DAYTON, Ohio, June 7, 1852.

DEAR SIR:

The communication enclosed, was written out by the hand of E. Sexton, controlled by the spirit of his father. I have on several occasions been present, when Mr. Sexton has been spiritually influenced, and have been much interested with what I have heard and seen. He is both a speaking and writing medium, and is controlled to write and speak without his mind being affected by impression. There are quite a number of mediums in this city, but none as yet entirely developed.

The investigation, even, of spiritual phenomena, is violently opposed by some here; but perhaps most dogmatically and least influentially, by a couple of the daily papers, whose editors have sacrificed a few minutes of their valuable time, enquiring into the ages of their great-grandmothers. Having, by such means, arrived at a clear understanding of the whole matter, they have pronounced an unhesitating and oracular judgment, that it is all—a convenient word—*humbug*. How exceedingly reliable and valuable to their readers, must the opinions of such men be, if this is the average of the investigations and examinations upon which their editorials are founded. One other daily paper, the *Journal*, and by the way, of the largest circulation of the three, pursues a different course. It neither admits or denies, whatever the private impressions of its editor may be, but freely publishes communications upon both sides of the controversy.

But in despite of the newspapers here, who make this an *inside* and not an *outside* question, the opinion is quite generally entertained that the "manifestations" occur, independent of the knowledge or control of the mediums, and many have become convinced that they are caused by spirits who once dwelt here in the body. Yours, &c.

A PSALM.

BY E. SEXTON, MEDIUM; DICTATED BY HIS FATHER.

Let every soul rest in the hope of the joy to come. Blessed are they who receive the truth and are led thereby. Oh! rejoice, rejoice, the soul's salvation is near. Death shall no longer hold the hosts who mourn, in fear; and the glad shout of the millions shall arise and say, we are free.

Happy, happy are we all; for the God of truth and of righteousness, has burst the chains wherewith we were held in bondage, and hope is ours. Let the earth clap her hands and sing praises to Jehovah, King of kings, and Lord over all.

The winds shall blow the breath of gladness, and the trees shall bloom in beauty and bring forth fruits of joy and promise. The nations shall breathe freely the incense, the odors of which shall be harmoniously wafted to all living and joyous nature. Even the beasts of the field shall gaze in wonder and become amazed. Their fears shall pass away, and all creation shall no more groan.

Then, oh! the joy, we will not attempt to tell! Men shall not die, but be changed. *There is no death.* The gloomy spectre who stood between the Spirit-home and earth, shall be removed, and men shall not weep, but rejoice and sing, hope in the Lord! glory! glory! glory in the Highest!

Hark! the notes of joy! How they swell and reëcho back from the Spirit-home. Happy are we. The truth has broken on our vision, and we see with a new

sight, and everything is gilded in the golden light of love.

Many shall now rejoice who have so long wept. Their tears shall be dried up, and their thirst shall be satisfied, for they shall drink freely of the fountain of the living God. They shall rest from their toil, and no more shall grim despair send his icy chill to destroy the life and soul of the redeemed of the everlasting Jehovah.

Sounds, like heavenly music, shall be heard, and harshness shall pass away. For all shall live in peace, and the lion shall lie down with the lamb and a child shall lead them. The joyous birds of the forest shall bathe their plumage in the light of heaven, and sing their sweet melodies to cheer the hearts of all who hear, teaching submission to the will of Deity. Oh! what glorious music all will desire to sing! Softest melodies will melt the hearts of all who hear; and many will say, blessed be God in the Highest! for we have found favor in him, and we are free.

Now, rest from your fears, oh! man of sorrow and full of grief. We will inspire the hope that will give you your rightful inheritance, which hope in the life to come, is to dwell with God. Craft and wrong has clouded your vision, and your eternal home has been shut out by those who have fattened on your vitals. Yet no more shall this be.

More Startling Revelations.

Considerable excitement prevails in the region of Morrow county, Ohio, in consequence of recent disclosures, made through the medium of clairvoyance, the following account of which originally appeared in the *Troy (Ohio) Times*:

It seems that, some time since, an Indian doctor, known to have large sums of money, suddenly disappeared: soon after, the man with whom he boarded, whose farm was shingled over with mortgages, and was never known to be in funds, started to California, leaving in the possession of his wife large rolls of money. Some spiritual mediums residing there, being consulted, intimated that the doctor was murdered by this man, and told the citizens where to dig for the body. Two or three hundred men gathered and began the search, but following their suspicions rather than the suggestions of the mediums, no discovery has been made. Renewed exertions are being made, owing to the revelations of a clairvoyant, who said this man had killed a pedler some years before, and that his bones would be found in the bank of a mill race. The excited population went to the spot, and found a human skeleton. The clairvoyant then told where the bones of the Indian doctor might be found, and another great search is being made. The search at last accounts was not complete. Great world this!

MORAL BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech. Nor is she capable of being beautiful who is not *incapable* of being false. It is a low and degrading idea of that sex—which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation—to consider them merely as objects of sight. She who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent mental qualities, may still amuse as a picture, but can not triumph as a beauty.

Miscellaneous Department.

The Jews.

The new English Chancellor of the Exchequer, D'Israeli—"the wondrous boy who wrote Alcoy"—in his recent life of Lord George Bentinck, has many interesting statements and speculations as to the "children of Israel," of whom he is one. In one place he remarks that "the allegation that the dispersion of the Jews is a penalty incurred for the commission of a great crime—the crucifixion of Jesus Christ—is neither historically true, nor dogmatically sound. It is not historically true, because the Jews were as much dispersed throughout the world at the advent of our Lord as they are at the present time, and had been so for many centuries before."

Again he says: "The Jews, after all the havoc and persecution they have experienced, are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon the Wise; are found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prosper in most. All of which proves that it is vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature, which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior."

Again: "If the reader throws his eye over the Provisional Government of Germany, of Italy, and even of France, formed in 1848, he will recognize the Jewish element. Mazzini, who accomplished the insurrection, and defense, and administration of Venice, is a Jew, who professes the whole of the Jewish religion, and believes in Calvary as well as Sinai. He is what the Lombards call a converted Jew.—Frederick Gentz, Secretary to the Congress of Vienna, was a child of Israel. Several millions of the Jewish race persist in believing only a part of their religion. There is one fact which none can contest. Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians; but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?"

"The European nations are indebted to the Jews for much that regulates, much that charms, and much that solaces existence. The toiling multitude rest every seventh day by virtue of a Jewish law; they are perpetually reading, for their example, the records of Jewish history, and singing the odes and elegies of Jewish poets; and they daily acknowledge on their knees, with reverent gratitude, that the medium of communication between the Creator and themselves is the Jewish race. Yet they treat that race as the vilest of generations; and instead of logically looking upon them as the human family that has contributed most to human happiness, they extend to them every term of obloquy and every form of persecution."

The Opium Trade of China.

It will be remembered that the ruler of China made a desperate struggle, a few years ago, to save his nation from three hundred and fifty millions of people, from the use of this deadly drug, opium, which was slaying its victims by thousands annually.

But by the power of British cannon, and to the eternal disgrace of the English nation, the nefarious traffic, with all its dreadful consequences, is now prosecuted more vigorously than ever.

It is calculated that the opium used in China in the last fifty years, has cost that empire four hundred millions of dollars; that the number of opium drunkards is four millions, and that of these, four hundred thousand annually find a premature grave.

The sales at present amount annually to twenty millions of dollars, and these are made to satisfy the cupidity of the British nation, which prates much about its philanthropy.

Ingenuity of Rooks.

One of the black fellows was observed hammering with his bill with great force at the joint of a twig on a tree, which he had evidently selected for some part of his new nest. Finding he could not strike the twig off, he threw himself to its point and hung awhile, trying, no doubt, whether his weight would bring it away. This, however, also failed, and returning to his perch at the joint, with a croak brought his mate to his assistance. Both, after some apparent consultation about the matter, threw themselves to the point of the twig. Still it would not do, and they were compelled to return to the perch, from whence one of them flew off, and shortly arrived with two assistants. A long consultation then took place, and it was amusing to observe the conclusion they had come to as to their modus operandi. Three of the rooks now threw themselves upon the point of the twig, while the other attacked the joint with great vigor, and ultimately the much coveted twig was severed from the branch, and was carried off to the nest with a crowing of gratification which nearly drowned the noise of the other denizens of the rookery.—*London Sunday Times.*

Fluency in Conversation.

Roll an empty barrel down a hill, and what a rattling noise it makes! So with an empty carriage over the pavements. So also with an empty head. When it contains but a few scattering ideas, every body can hear them rattle. You almost see them, when that fellow who carries such a head passes by you. Have you not such an individual in your mind's eye? We have. His name may be Dick, or Jim, or Bill, or Joe—but he is the same everywhere—he wags the same tongue, and shoots forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise, but everybody else thinks otherwise. Had he real knowledge he would talk less and say more. Generally, a man of sterling talents talks but very little, yet every word tells. Addison was a person of that description. He was always embarrassed in company. Some of our best living authors—men of genius and talent—have been noticed for their paucity of words in common conversation. Yet men who know scarcely more than that twice two make four, are always rattling off words, and pass for persons of some consequence. They utter sentences without meaning, and words that puzzle an editor to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his presence we feel about as happy as on the brow of a cataract—only there is some sense to the latter. In an office or store, what is more trying than a person with a gift of gab?—what but a straggling musician under your window, or a fiddler in your garret.

Abdel-Kader.

An amusing anecdote is related of this illustrious Arabian chief, who, to the eternal disgrace of France, is still a prisoner of State at Amboise. He lately employed a competent person to give his four children lessons in writing.—The teacher filled his task in the most exemplary manner, treating his little pupils with the utmost kindness. The brave father, being very grateful, bethought him of making the teacher a present, as a mark of his esteem, and, after much cogitation, concluded to give one of his five Arabian wives. The Frenchman in vain endeavored to explain that he already had a wife, and that the European law only allowed him one. Abdel-Kader thought that the writing master wished to be ceremonious, and persisted most perseveringly in his offer, stating, in a courteous manner, that he would still have four wives left,—enough, in the name of Allah, for a poor prisoner. The matter ended, and the writing master was rescued from this ludicrous dilemma by his wife—the original European one—carrying him off from the chief's presence and prohibiting him from ever returning there.

The Lion's Fear of Man.

Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. He adds, that, if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make his spring; that spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily in the eyes of the lion. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him, lies down, again retreats, till having thus by degrees quite got out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.—*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.*

Ancient Music.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psalter, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings and struck with an iron needle or stick; the saebut was something like a bagpipe; and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psalter. They had no written music; had scarcely a vowel in their language; and yet (according to Josephus) there were two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest of agonies.

"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'how could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?'—'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

Summary of Intelligence.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 19, 1852.

The Spirits in St. Louis.

The mania of spiritualism is spreading with wonderful rapidity throughout all ranks and classes of society in this city. Mediums are springing up in almost every private family, and the surviving members of every little circle are kept in constant communication with their departed friends and relatives in the other world, by mysterious communications through the medium of centre tables and armed chairs. It is noticeable that the majority of these mediums are females; interesting young ladies, who have hitherto devoted themselves to lily white and love letters, are now turning their attention to graver matters, and repudiating Moore and Byron for Emanuel Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis; old ladies are dropping their knitting-needles to study spiritualism; the hospitable matron who yesterday entertained you with the spirits on her sideboard, now amuses you with the spirits under her centre table. The ordinary topics that for time immemorial furnished small talk for evening parties, are utterly neglected and forgotten in the all-absorbing interest of marvelous spiritual communications; even the weather, that fruitful and never-failing theme of conversation, receives scarcely a passing notice, and the time-honored speculations on the probabilities of warm or cold, wet or dry weather, are now replaced by profound investigations of the all-absorbing theme.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

An Island of Gold.

In reference to the golden wealth of Queen Charlotte's Island, in the Pacific, a letter in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, mentioning the discovery by persons employed by the Hudson Bay Company, says that "in less than one hour \$13,000 worth of gold and quartz intermixed was discovered, and much more might have been secured, but for the imprudence of one of the party, who, in his eagerness to secure some of the large pieces, gave the Indians a silver dollar for each large piece of gold. The Indians, although ignorant of the value of gold, were accustomed to the use of silver, from trading with the Hudson Bay Company. After receiving a few dollars, they attacked the white men, and drove them off to their vessel, and they were obliged to get under way and leave the harbor. Several vessels of armed men have since left San Francisco for the island. The island is about 240 miles in length, and from 50 to 100 miles in breadth, with a beautiful soil and climate. The coast abounds with excellent harbors, and large quantities of fish. It has a population of from 7,000 to 10,000 Indians, who lead a roving life, always moving in large bodies from one part of the island to another. The island is nominally a British possession, but it is not inhabited by a single white man."

Effect of Light.

Dr. Moore, the celebrated metaphysician, thus speaks of light on body and mind:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of Heaven's free light, will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are mis-shaped in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally except those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

Earthquake at Apalachicola.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of the 13th gives the following account of an earthquake at Apalachicola, on the 10th instant:

"On Monday morning last, at about the hour of 8 o'clock, our city was visited by one of these formidable phenomena of nature. The agitation of the earth was very apparent to the senses and was accompanied by several physical effects—such as the cracking of a chimney wall, the cracking of beams of houses, the motion of the water in the bay, the agitation of a liquid and the movement of articles of furniture in a still room—which could have arisen from no other cause. The shock was of several seconds' duration. A similar shock was felt on the Friday previous, about the hour of 10 P. M., and several others have been observed at this place within the last year or two. The violence of that of Monday was far the greatest we have ever felt. It may have been local or of very limited extent, but we expect to receive from the West Indies, Mexico or South America, some accounts of its grand and permanent but awful effects on the surface of the earth."

The New Orleans *Delta* is sure that its climate has swapped off with that of Canada. It is now the first of June, and every one is wearing woolen clothes. The air is cool and piercing. Blankets, which were permanently consigned to camphor and tobacco, have been disinterred and brought into use again. Flannel shirts are in demand; even overcoats are required for the thin-blooded. Such unseasonable weather has, of course, produced some sickness, though the physicians are surprised that there is not more than there is. We are decidedly of the opinion that our own weather is the best, after all. Give us our hot days—so hot, as to drive every body to the shady side of the street, and make the paving stones shine and glisten like so many bald pates of philosophers. At night we will be happy to welcome the sweet south breeze, to which we can safely unbutton our shirt-collar, without fear of coughs, aches, or stiff backs. Oh! New Orleans, cease to be Boston, and be yourself once more, and we shall be happy!

A RELIC AND AN OMEN.—In digging the holes for the posts of the staging from which Kossuth was to address the citizens of Buffalo, a twelve pound cannon ball was dug up from a depth of about two and a half feet. It had the unmistakable marks of British manufacture, and was undoubtedly fired from Canada during the war of 1812. So say the Buffalo papers. The ball was presented to Kossuth.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—An ox, belonging to Mr. Brand in the township of Orange, last week sickened and died quite suddenly, after which he was dissected by the owner and others, and there was found encased in his stomach, an animal or monster apparently of the lizard species, five feet in length, two legs situated about the middle of the body, forward of which very much resembled a common blood-sucker, and what is most strange, it had six regular and distinct tails. There were also found near by six small ones, undoubtedly the progeny of the larger, varying in length from six to eight inches. They were all dead and the larger one partially decayed. The ox, it is said, has been subject to sick turns for about three years, more or less, but at the time he died was in excellent order, almost good enough for beef.—*Ionian Gazette.*

Elder Knapp, while preaching recently in Rockford, Illinois, observed many of his congregation sleeping. He stopped in his sermon and requested the deacons to pass the contribution boxes, saying that he learned the society had not yet raised money enough to pay for the new bell, adding that there were some there whom he knew would like to pay for their lodging, the usual price of which was twenty-five cents. About forty dollars were raised. He then finished his sermon.

The "Spirits" are creating some excitement in the northern part of this county. They make their appearance bodily, and have made many strong converts. They write legibly, and draw portraits to perfection. In Pulaski county the spirits are also creating much excitement. We have not yet heard of any serious consequences resulting to any one.—*Democratic Pharos, Logansport, Ind.*

ADVANCE OF THE CHOCTAWS.—The population of the Choctaw nation is increasing; their schools are flourishing and their churches are advancing in numbers and strength. During the last year more than \$1,000 were contributed by these churches. The sale of intoxicating drinks is prohibited by law throughout the nation.

The Rev. Mr. Bennet, of the Methodist Church, chaplain to the University of Virginia, has become deranged.—*Ex.*

Will some of our exchanges inform us whether being a Chaplain to a University, does not tend to produce insanity?—*Ed. Sp. TELEGRAPH.*

The Sultan of Turkey has decreed a large donation of works in Arabic and Turkish print, to the American Oriental Society. The Sultan makes this donation partly in consideration of the generous manner in which Amin Bey was received in America.—*Ex.*

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